

embarked as soon as he left the University, and though he read Classics with distinction, he did not show or admit much enthusiasm for the Greece and Rome of the Golden Age, any more than for textual criticism or Greek iambics. This is not to say that he lacked the capacities or the instincts of a good and careful scholar; all his work was sound and scholarly. But to him scholarship was an instrument to be used, not a vocation in itself.

To these gifts of intellect and qualities of imagination Pendlebury added exceptional physical stamina and athletic powers. The endurance and skill which earned him a Blue at Cambridge, where he jumped six feet against Oxford, a height not then exceeded since 1876, stood him in good stead in his scientific work, and he could out-walk and out-jump any Cretan mountaineer. He took a singular pleasure in this athletic virtuosity, which indeed was his only vanity. For the rest I do not believe that he ever gave his archaeological achievements a thought; they were his life, and he lived it hard all the time, with an enthusiasm which those with whom he came in contact were impelled to share. Nothing he touched but sprang to vivid life. The following remarks of the fellow-officer already cited illustrate the effect of his joyous personality on an acquaintance who had nothing in common with his scientific work:

“He was a mine of information on Crete, and always had a good story to tell of every acre of the island. His love for the island seemed to be the great passion of his life, and he made everyone share it. There are many who knew him who are determined to go back there, to renew the pleasure to which he introduced them.”

It was this enthusiasm for the present as well as the past which made Pendlebury so invigorating a companion, and a natural leader of men. The war and the opportunity for service brought to their highest expression the chivalrous and heroic instincts which appealed to him from the past. He died, as he had lived, a paladin.

Pendlebury married in 1928 Hilda White, a fellow student of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, his constant companion, with whom much of his work was done in collaboration. He leaves a boy and a girl.

PIERSON DIXON.

JAMES O. EWART.

1917-1945.

ONE who has taught Greek to Honours Classes for over thirty years has naturally taught many men of promise. It has been my sore fate to offer the tribute of a teacher and a friend to the memory of the two among all my students of whom I expected most. First it was James C. Watson, called amid universal acclaim to an important Chair at the age of 29 and killed in action as an Ordinary Seaman on H.M.S. *Jaguar* in 1942. Now it is Colonel James O. Ewart, who fought unscathed from El Alamein to the Rhine, to be killed after the Armistice by a skidding car.

Ewart was born in 1917. He was at George Watson's from 1929 to 1935, leaving as Dux. He entered Edinburgh University as Dundas Bursar in 1935, subsequently winning the Spence Bursary, the George Scott Travelling Scholarship, and the Mackenzie Scholarship in Classics and English Literature. Each summer vacation from 1934 onwards he spent travelling on the Continent, visiting in turn Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria, and finally Greece, which he visited before his final year at Edinburgh, and again before the outbreak of the War, in the course of a study of Greek theatres which ranged from Sicily to Asia Minor. He spoke German, French, Italian and Greek.

Ewart was not a facile linguist, and he paid in hard work for the workmanlike grasp he

acquired of his ancient and modern tongues. In analytical power and in his sense of form and appreciation of value in literature I have never known an undergraduate who approached him. In the Michaelmas Term of 1938 we read the *Agamemnon* and as an essay question in the Christmas Terminal I mentioned several editions of the play and asked for a comparative review of three of them. Ewart responded with an essay on Sidgwick, Verrall and Headlam, that could have taken its place as it stood in a first-class History of Classical Scholarship—the maturest piece of work I ever read in an examination paper.

And what of the might-have-been, *si qua fata aspera rupisset*? After the Army went over the Rhine he wrote me a letter—which somehow I had expected—telling me of the various careers that seemed to lie open to him on demobilisation, but saying that he was attracted most of all by an academic career in the field of history and politics. I replied suggesting Modern Greats, and asked him to await the answer to a letter I was writing to a friend in Oxford. In that letter I made bold to say that the College which admitted Ewart would in all probability be choosing its future Head. With my friend's reply came the news of Ewart's death.

W. M. CALDER.

DAVID JOHN WALLACE

1914–1944.

DAVID JOHN WALLACE, son of Captain the Rt. Hon. David Euan Wallace, was born in 1914 and educated at Eton and Balliol, where he was president of the Junior Common Room. After taking a first class in Greats, and obtaining a Harmsworth Senior Scholarship at Merton College, he spent two years as a Student of the British School at Athens, and devoted himself to the study of Byzantine art. In 1938 he surveyed the sites of medieval fortifications in central Greece, the southern Peloponnese, and the Cyclades, and in 1938–39 surveyed the Frankish castles. He married a fellow-student, Miss Prudence Magor.

On the outbreak of war, Wallace served for two years as Press Attaché to the British Legation at Athens, and was evacuated when Greece was invaded in 1941. In July 1943 he returned to Greece as liaison officer with the Greek guerilla forces in Epirus; but after a few months of brilliant military activity he was transferred to an administrative post in Cairo, where his knowledge of Greek politics was of great value. But his heart was with the fighting men, and after a while he was released for service in Greece, and was in continuous active enterprise with the guerilla bands in Epirus.

In August 1944 he took part in an assault by the 3/40th Evzone Regiment, under Lt.-Col. Agoras, on the German fortified post at Menina, between Preveza and Paramythia, covering communications and supplies. The attack reached the fortified houses which encircled the town, and here Wallace was hit and killed immediately by machine-gun fire.

On his tombstone his Greek comrades carved the epitaph: 'The soil of Greece is proud to offer hospitality to this hero.'

Wallace was a fine classical scholar, a keen traveller and explorer, with a wide interest in politics, art and antiquities, deep understanding of Greek people and problems, wide capacity for friendship and leadership, and high diplomatic and military distinction. With striking appearance and slight build he combined, in the words of one who knew him at Merton, 'a queer physical toughness and enduring quality. He looked as if he were meant for the arts, but his real métier was for action, and he found what he wanted.' His work at the School was planned on broad lines, but it is doubtful how much had reached a stage where publication will be possible.

JOHN L. MYRES.